

WALT DISNEY'S CLASSIC

Beauty and the BEAST



Beauty *and the* BEAST



Story adapted by Neil Morris

Based upon Walt Disney Pictures'
film of the same name.



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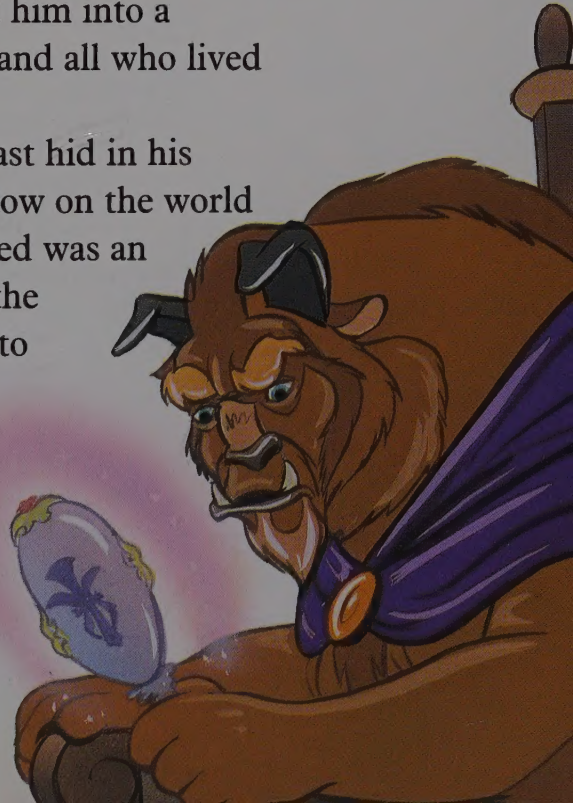


Once upon a time, in a faraway land, a young prince lived in a shining castle. The Prince had everything his heart desired, but he was selfish and unkind. One winter's night, an old beggar woman came to the castle and offered him a single rose in return for shelter from the cold. But the woman was so ugly, the Prince turned her away.

She warned him not to be deceived by appearances, for beauty is found within. And when he dismissed her again, the old woman's ugliness melted away to reveal a beautiful enchantress. The Prince tried to apologize, but it was too late. For the enchantress had seen that there was no love in his heart. As punishment, she transformed him into a hideous beast and put a spell on the castle and all who lived there.

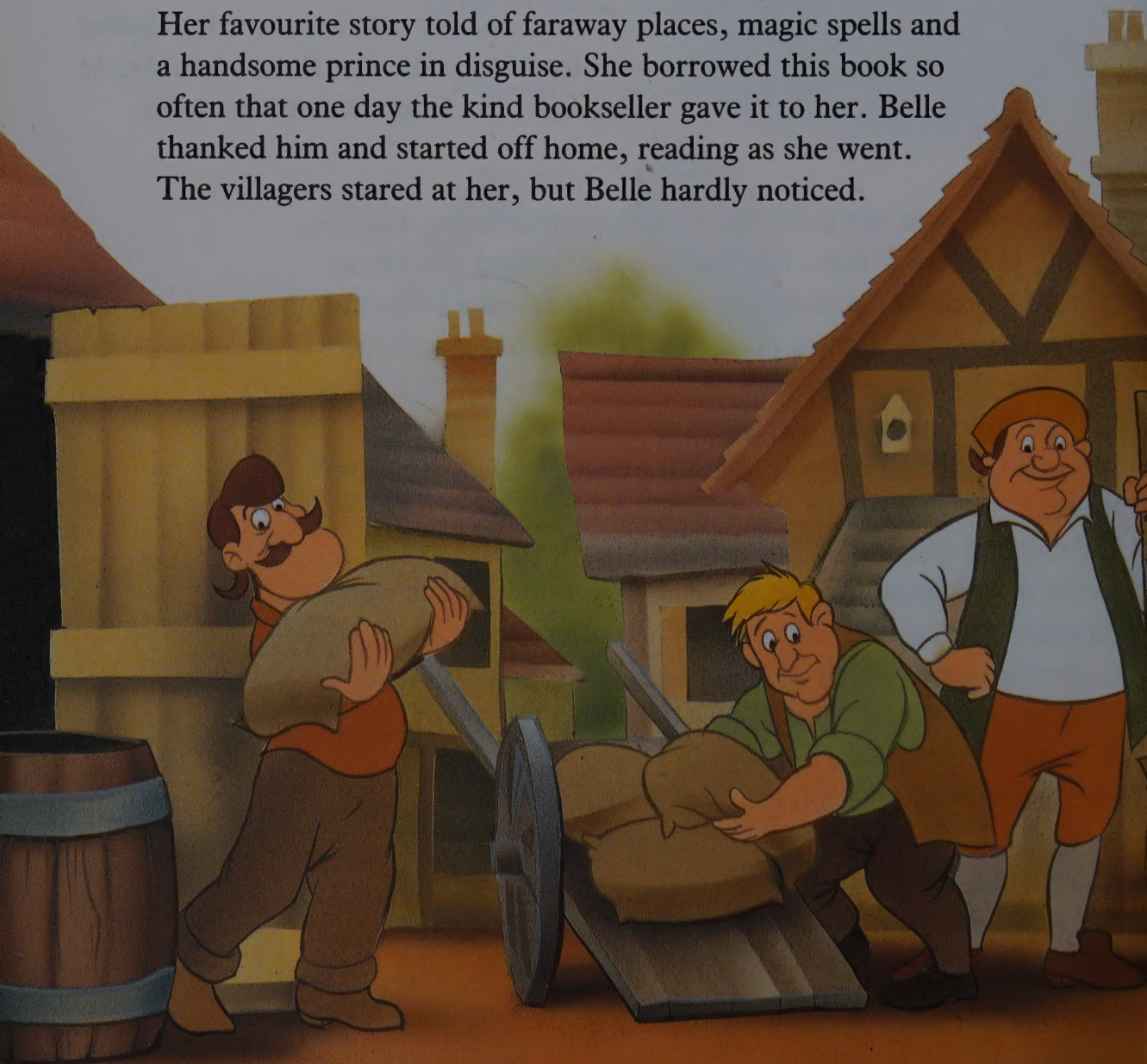
Ashamed of his monstrous form, the Beast hid in his castle with a magic mirror as his only window on the world outside. The rose the old woman had offered was an enchanted rose, which would bloom until the Beast's twenty-first year. If he could learn to love another and earn her love in return before the last petal fell, the spell would be broken. If not, he would be doomed to remain a Beast forever.

As the years passed he gradually lost all hope. For who could ever learn to love a Beast?



In a village, not too far from the enchanted castle, lived a beautiful girl named Belle, with her father, Maurice, who was an inventor. Belle was different from the other girls in the village, for she loved to read, and spent her time daydreaming of enchantments and adventures.

Belle often borrowed books from the village bookshop. Her favourite story told of faraway places, magic spells and a handsome prince in disguise. She borrowed this book so often that one day the kind bookseller gave it to her. Belle thanked him and started off home, reading as she went. The villagers stared at her, but Belle hardly noticed.





Suddenly someone jumped out and grabbed the book. It was Gaston, the handsome hunter who was very popular with all the other girls. Gaston was so bigheaded, that he was always boasting to his friend Lefou that Belle was the lucky girl he was going to marry.

But Belle wasn't at all impressed by Gaston, so she struggled to get her book back from him.





As she did so, she heard a big explosion coming from her house! Belle immediately ran to help. “Are you all right, Papa?” she cried.

“I’ll never get this contraption to work!” Maurice replied, giving a strange-looking machine a kick. Belle laughed as the machine suddenly sprang to life – it was an automatic woodchopper.

“I’m sure you’ll win first prize at the fair tomorrow,” she said as her father hitched his invention to their faithful horse, Philippe, and set off for the fair.

Maurice was sure he knew the way, but as darkness fell he was well and truly lost in a lonely, misty wood. Philippe grew more and more scared as they went on. First he heard the bone-chilling howl of a wolf and then a flock of bats made him jump.





Suddenly the horse reared and threw his master to the ground. When Maurice picked himself up, Philippe was gone and he was surrounded by the cold, yellow eyes of a pack of wolves. The old man staggered off through the woods, but soon lost his footing and tumbled down a steep hill.



Climbing to his feet, Maurice looked up to see a tall iron gate, tarnished and overgrown. As the wolves raced down the hill, he pulled the heavy gate open, went through and slammed it shut again. The wolves threw themselves at the gate but could not get through. Maurice was trembling as he turned round. There, looming over him and cloaked in mist, stood a huge, dark castle. He walked up to the entrance and knocked on the great wooden door, but there was no answer. He opened the door and stepped into an enormous, dim hall.

“Hello. Anyone there?” called Maurice, his voice echoing through vast, vacant corridors.

“Welcome, monsieur,” came the reply. But from where? Maurice could see no one. He took a gold candelabra from the table for more light.

“Where are you?” Maurice asked.

“Down here,” said another small voice. The old man looked down to see a mantelclock tugging at his cloak!

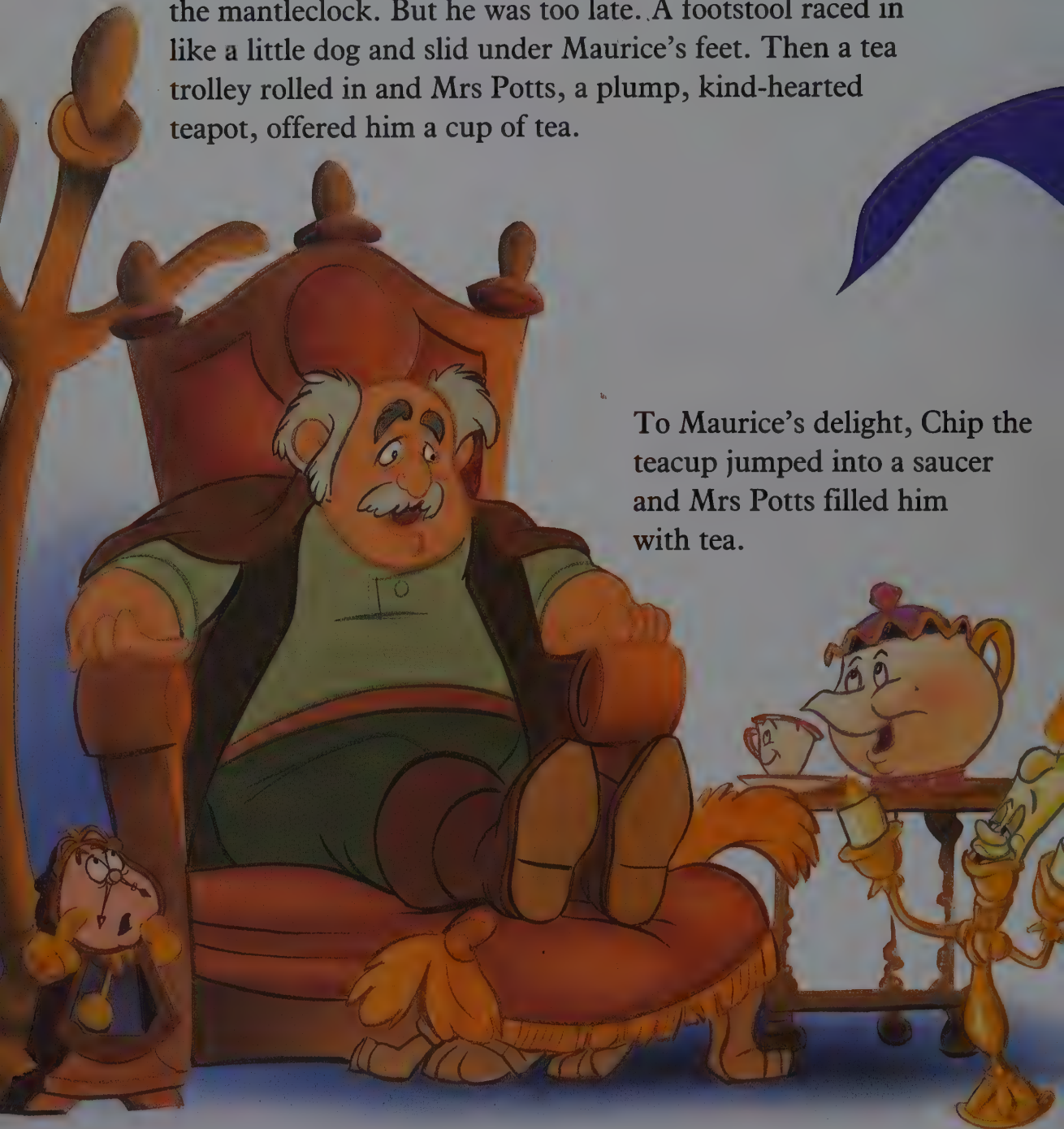
“Why, you’re alive!” gasped Maurice in amazement, picking up the clock to see how it worked.

“And ticking!” laughed Lumiere, the candelabra, who was also alive! Then he led Maurice to the drawing room and invited him to sit in a comfortable chair before a roaring fire.



“Oh, no, not in the Master’s chair!” yelled Cogsworth, the mantelclock. But he was too late. A footstool raced in like a little dog and slid under Maurice’s feet. Then a tea trolley rolled in and Mrs Potts, a plump, kind-hearted teapot, offered him a cup of tea.

To Maurice’s delight, Chip the teacup jumped into a saucer and Mrs Potts filled him with tea.



As the old man took a sip, a hat stand walked over and put a warm blanket around his shoulders. Cogsworth was getting very agitated. “We’ve got to get him out of here,” he cried. “You know what the Master will do if. . .”



But again he was too late. At that moment the door flew open, a cold wind blew into the room, and a loud, growling voice said, “There’s a stranger here!” Maurice cowered as the shadow of a huge creature grew closer. It was the most horrifying thing he had ever seen. “What are you staring at?” roared the Beast.

“Please, I . . . I meant no harm,” Maurice stammered. “I just needed a place to stay.”

“I’ll give you a place to stay!” the Beast bellowed, grabbing the old man with his powerful claws.

Meanwhile, at the cottage on the edge of the village, Belle was busy trying to get rid of Gaston. The hulking hunter was determined to marry her, but Belle had other ideas! Just as she finally managed to push him out of the door, she heard a familiar whinny. It was Philippe, the horse, but he was riderless! Belle knew straight away that her father must be in trouble. She told the horse to take her to him as fast as he could.





They plunged into the gloomy forest and Philippe quickly reached the place where he had lost Maurice. They journeyed deeper into the forest and soon found themselves in front of the castle gates. To her horror, Belle found her father's hat on the ground. "Papa!" she cried and ran into the castle.



Inside, Belle began to search for her father, but received no answer to her calls. She crept into the huge hall, and finding no one, made her way further into the dim, decaying castle. “Papa, where are you?” she cried softly.

“Here,” said Maurice weakly, his face appearing behind a cell door. “But you must go from here, now!” As she approached her father, Belle felt a presence behind her. All she could make out was an enormous creature in the shadows.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“The master of this castle,” growled the Beast.

“I’ve come for my father,” Belle explained. “Please let him go.” When the Beast refused, she could see that there was little hope of changing his mind. Then suddenly she had an idea. “Take me instead!” she pleaded.

“You would take his place?” the Beast asked, feeling something like hope. “And promise to stay here for ever?”



Her father begged her again to leave and for a moment Belle hesitated. “Come into the light,” she said to the Beast. As the creature stepped out of the shadows, Belle gasped with horror and the Beast winced at her revulsion. Belle stared up at him, as she made her choice between freedom and her father’s life. “You have my word,” she said gently.

“Done!” yelled the Beast in triumph, dragging Maurice from his cell and despatching him back to the village.



Belle was in tears at the thought of never seeing her father again. “Follow me!” ordered the Beast, more gruffly than he really intended. “I’ll show you to your room.” Then he led Belle through vast corridors in uncomfortable silence. “I, uh, hope you’ll like it here,” he said awkwardly. “The castle is your home now, so you can go anywhere you like . . . except the West Wing.”

“What’s in. . .?” Belle started to ask.

“It’s forbidden!” the Beast roared. Then he put on his gentlest voice as they reached Belle’s room. “You’ll join me for dinner,” he said. “That’s not a request!” he bellowed, spoiling the invitation.

Later, while the Beast waited impatiently for Belle in the dining room, Lumiere tried to humour him. "Master, have you thought that this girl might perhaps be the one to break the spell?" asked the candelabra.

"Of course, I'm not a fool!" the Beast replied. "But it's no use. She's so beautiful and I'm . . . well, look at me."



Losing his patience, he rushed to Belle's room and ordered her to come down to dinner. But she refused. "Then you can starve!" the Beast yelled, crashing off to his lair. There he looked longingly at the enchanted rose, which was wilting and had lost most of its petals. "I'm just fooling myself," the Beast moaned. "She'll never see me as anything but a monster."

Later, Belle crept downstairs and was served dinner by Lumiere and all the other living objects in the dining room. Then Lumiere and Cogsworth took her on a tour of the castle. As they approached the West Wing, Belle slipped away to see what the Beast had forbidden.



She soon came to the Beast's lair, which was dark, damp, dirty, and full of broken furniture, cracked mirrors and torn pictures. Belle was fascinated when she saw the enchanted rose, whose delicacy seemed so out of place in such a filthy room. She reached out to touch a soft, velvety petal. . . .

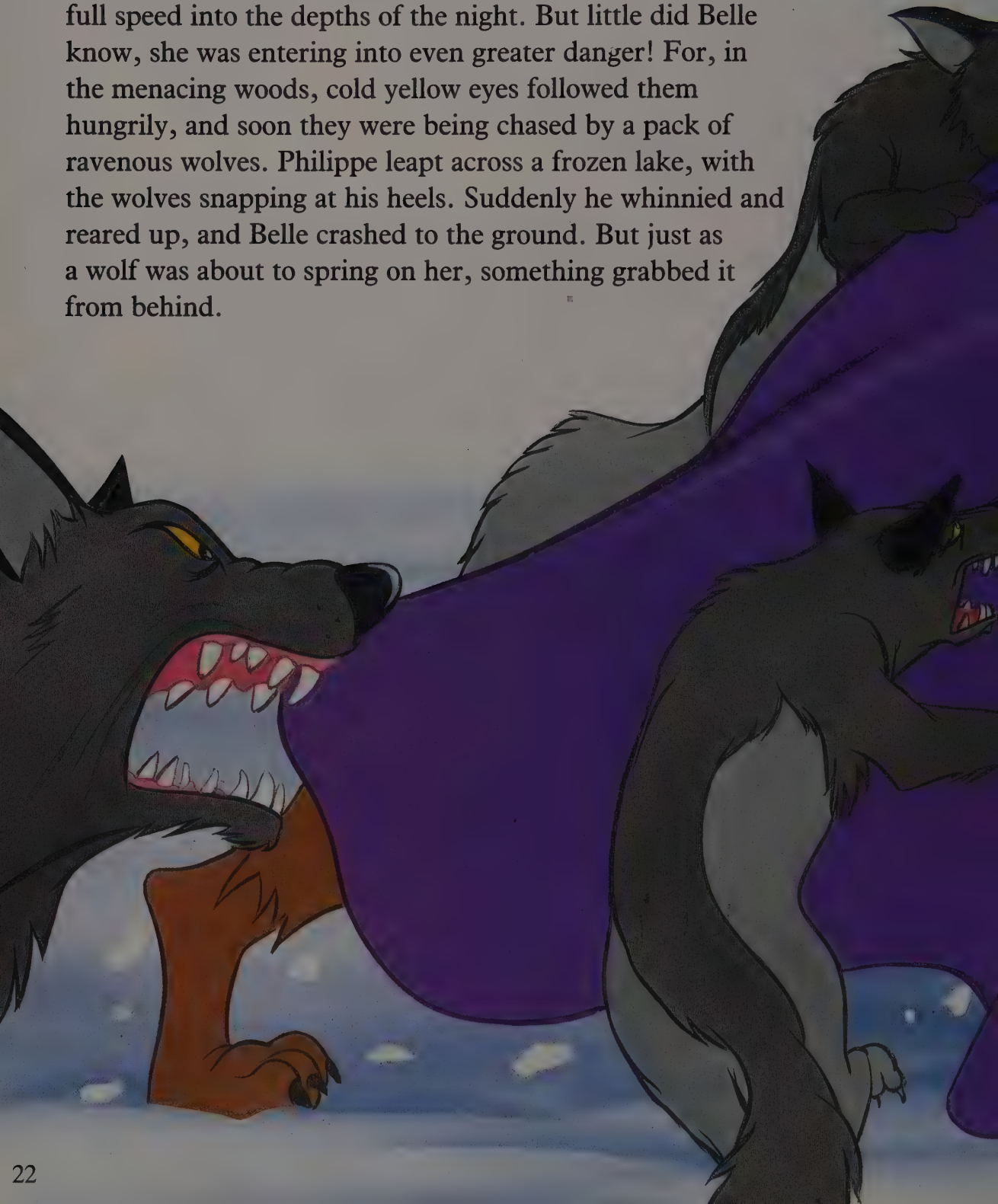


A terrible roar rang around the room. “I warned you never to come here!” the Beast raged. He checked that the rose was undamaged. “Now get out!” he yelled at the top of his monstrous voice.

In terror, Belle ran straight to the main door. “Where are you going?” asked Lumiere, chasing after her.

“Promise or no promise, I can’t stay here another minute,” she cried, running out into the cold night.

Philippe was still waiting for her and they galloped off at full speed into the depths of the night. But little did Belle know, she was entering into even greater danger! For, in the menacing woods, cold yellow eyes followed them hungrily, and soon they were being chased by a pack of ravenous wolves. Philippe leapt across a frozen lake, with the wolves snapping at his heels. Suddenly he whinnied and reared up, and Belle crashed to the ground. But just as a wolf was about to spring on her, something grabbed it from behind.





It was the Beast! Belle was frozen to the spot as she watched him fight the snarling wolves. The Beast clawed at them until they made for the safety of the trees. But the Beast was hurt. He staggered and crashed to the ground. Belle suddenly realized that this was her chance to escape, but she couldn't leave him to lie there wounded, perhaps to die. She led Philippe over to the stricken Beast, to carry him back to the castle.

There Belle tended the Beast's wounds and thanked him for saving her life. Gradually they grew to trust one another more. The Beast liked Belle so much, he wanted to give her something special. He took her to the library and showed her shelves upon shelves of wonderful books. Belle was overcome with delight when the Beast told her that this beautiful library was hers.



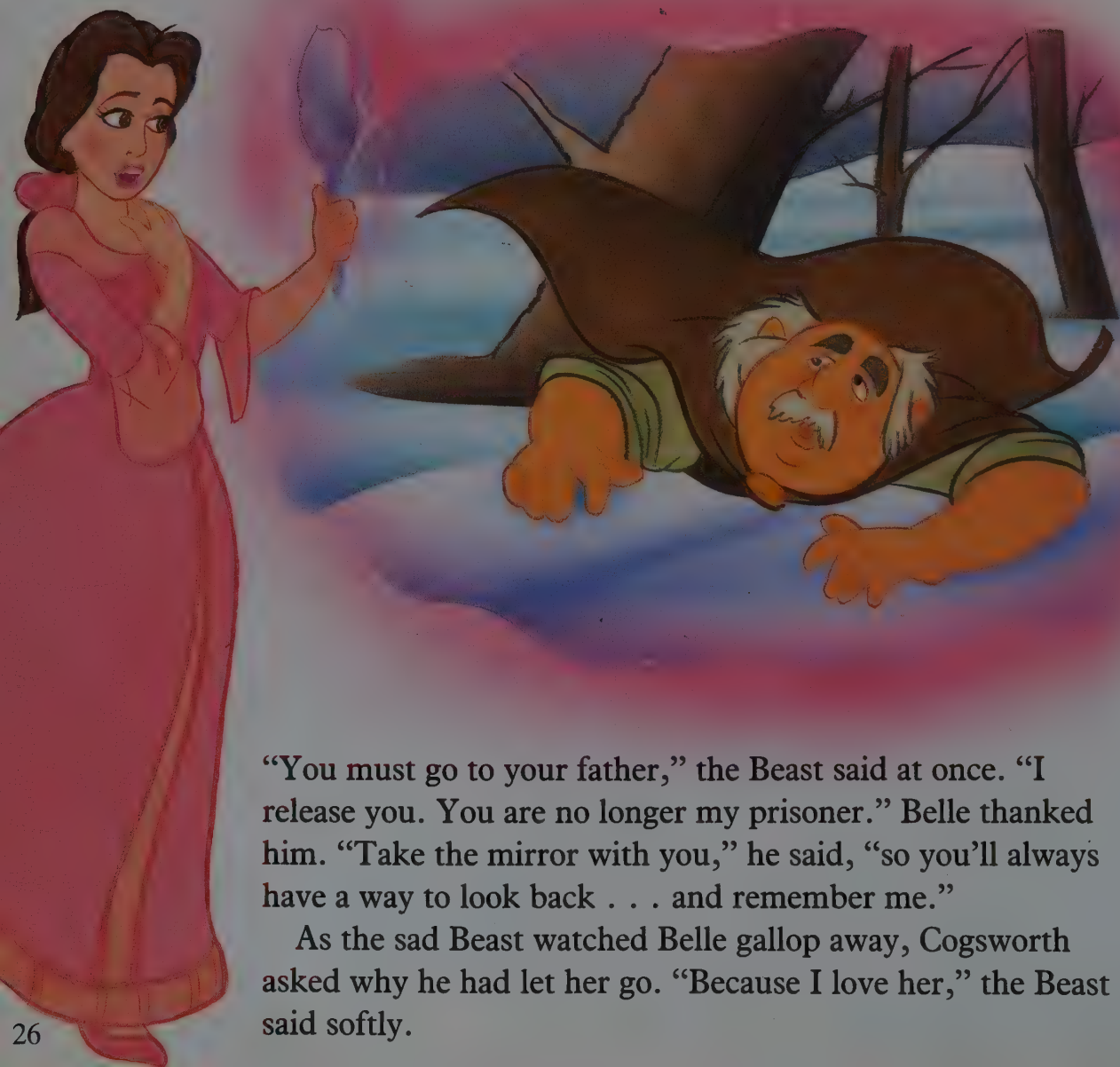
Belle enjoyed reading to the Beast. She also taught him table manners and showed him how to feed the birds in the garden without scaring them. Gradually she began to realize that there was something in him that she hadn't seen before.



So when the Beast asked her if she was happy living at the castle, she honestly answered, yes. Yet there was a look of longing in her eyes. "What is it?" the Beast asked.

"If only I could see my father again," Belle said. "I miss him so much."

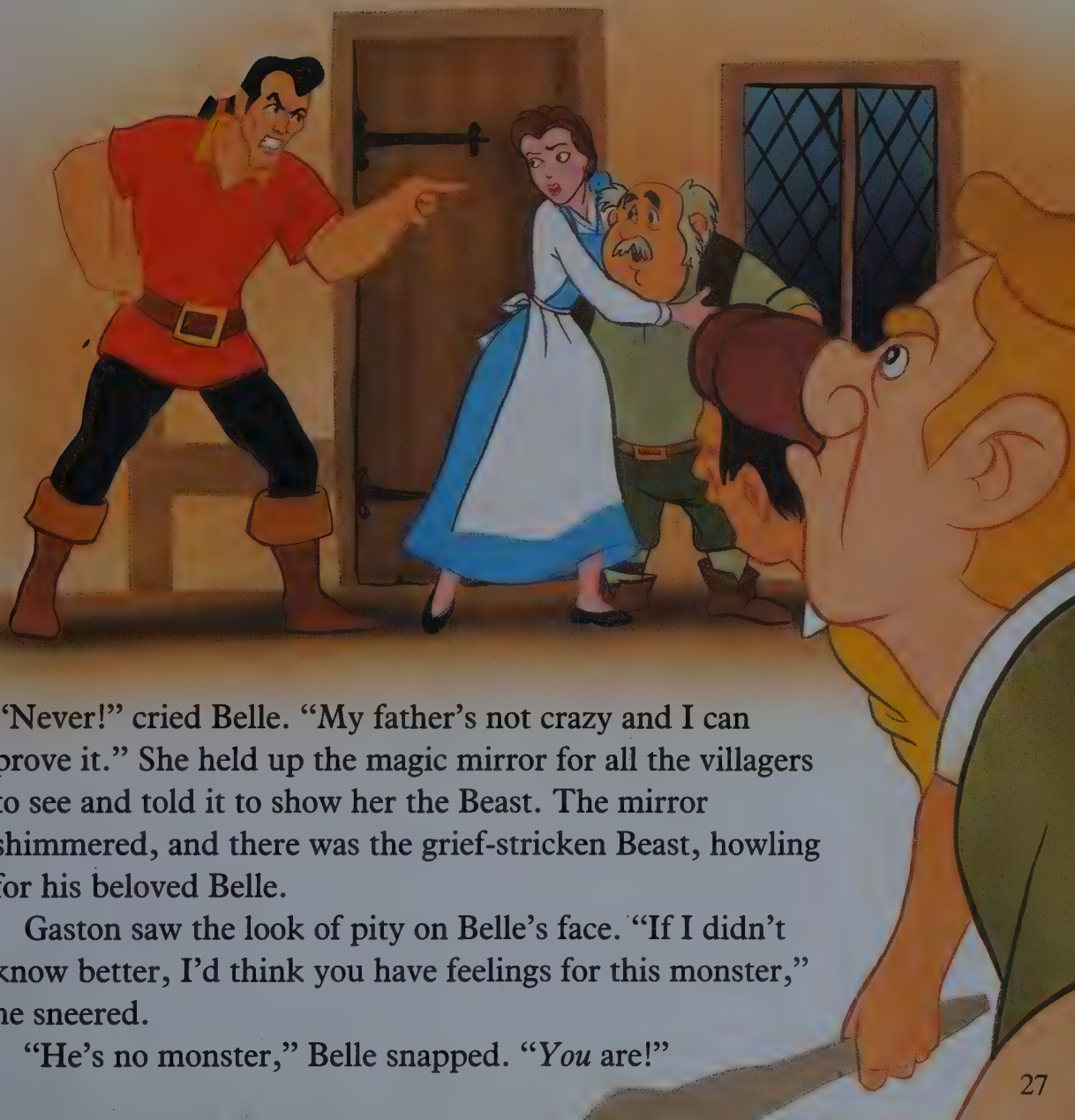
“There is a way,” the Beast said. He picked up the magic mirror and told it to show Belle her father. But Belle was horrified by what she saw. Her father was stumbling about in the snow-covered forest, exhausted. Gaston and the others in the village had thought him mad when he told them about the Beast, and so he had decided that he must try to save his daughter on his own. Now as Belle watched in the mirror, Maurice slumped to the ground. “Oh no! Papa, Papa!” she cried.



“You must go to your father,” the Beast said at once. “I release you. You are no longer my prisoner.” Belle thanked him. “Take the mirror with you,” he said, “so you’ll always have a way to look back . . . and remember me.”

As the sad Beast watched Belle gallop away, Cogsworth asked why he had let her go. “Because I love her,” the Beast said softly.

Maurice was delirious when Belle reached him. She took him home to their cottage and nursed him back to health. But soon Gaston was bothering her again. He said everyone in the village thought old Maurice was mad, raving on about some monstrous beast in a huge castle. Now Gaston had arranged to have the old man taken away as a lunatic . . . unless Belle agreed to marry him at once.



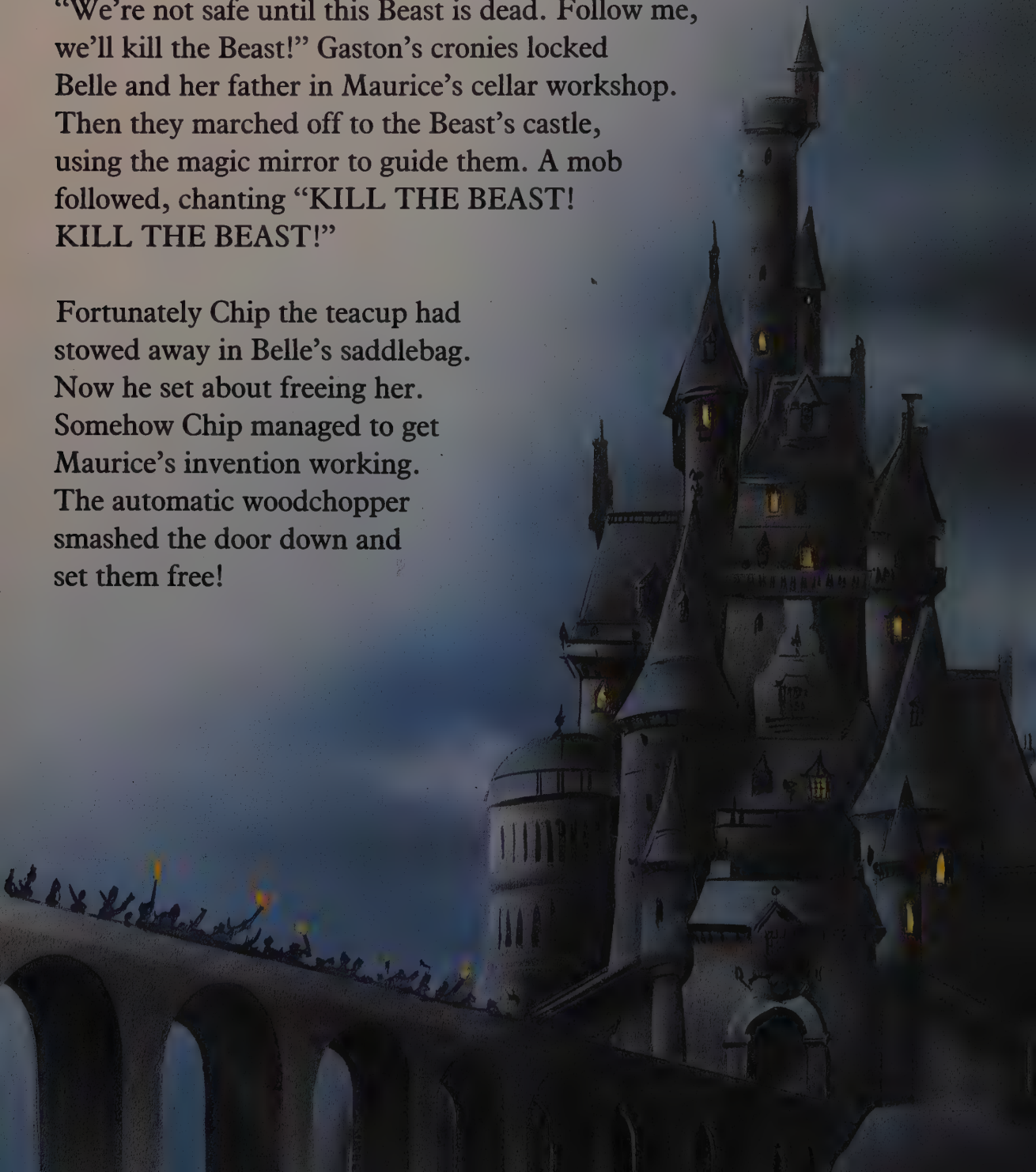
“Never!” cried Belle. “My father’s not crazy and I can prove it.” She held up the magic mirror for all the villagers to see and told it to show her the Beast. The mirror shimmered, and there was the grief-stricken Beast, howling for his beloved Belle.

Gaston saw the look of pity on Belle’s face. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you have feelings for this monster,” he sneered.

“He’s no monster,” Belle snapped. “*You* are!”

Gaston's face twisted with jealous rage. He turned to the villagers. "She's as crazy as the old man," he yelled. "We're not safe until this Beast is dead. Follow me, we'll kill the Beast!" Gaston's cronies locked Belle and her father in Maurice's cellar workshop. Then they marched off to the Beast's castle, using the magic mirror to guide them. A mob followed, chanting "KILL THE BEAST! KILL THE BEAST!"

Fortunately Chip the teacup had stowed away in Belle's saddlebag. Now he set about freeing her. Somehow Chip managed to get Maurice's invention working. The automatic woodchopper smashed the door down and set them free!

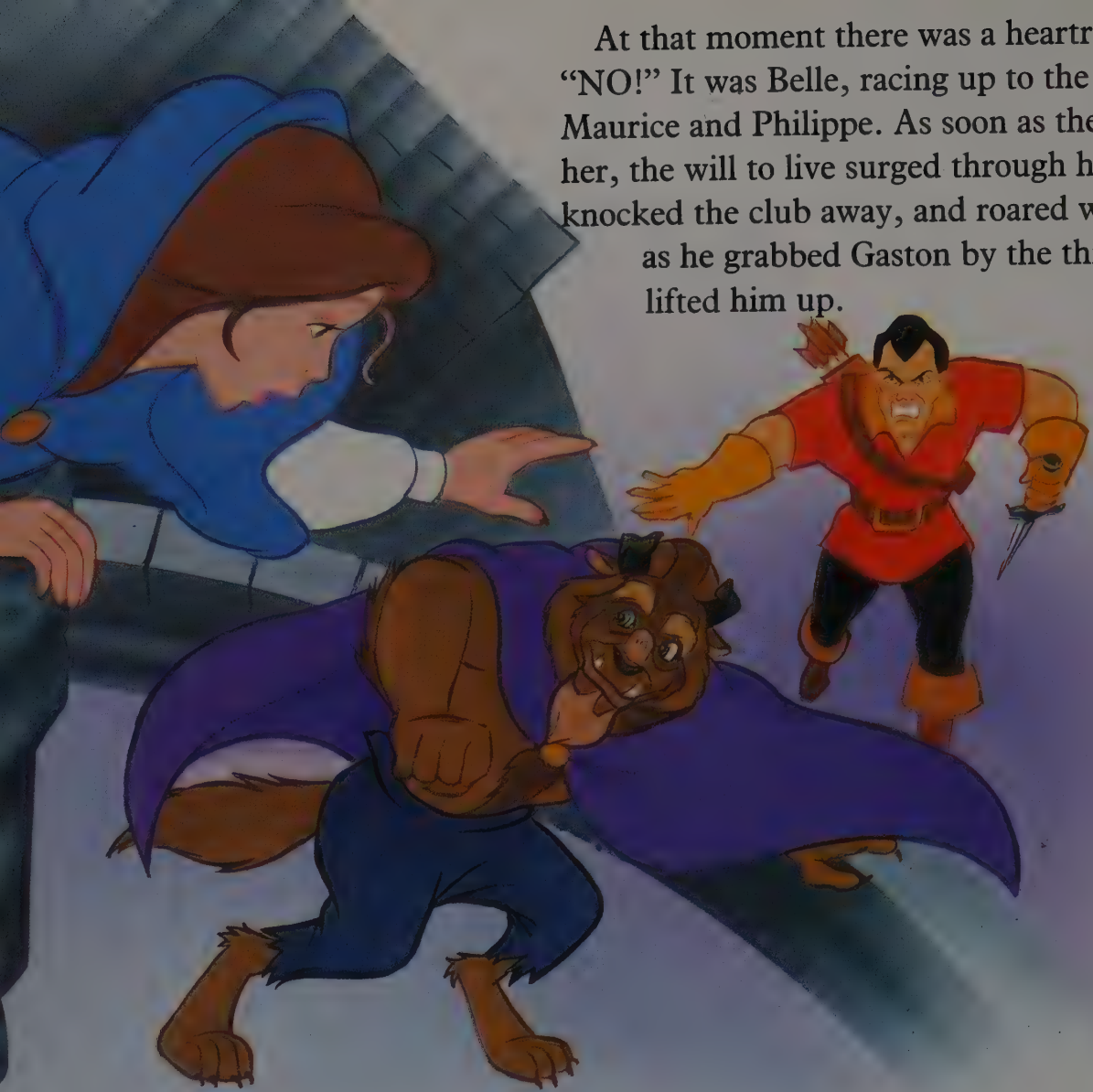




When Gaston and his mob reached the castle, they rammed down the great wooden doors, still chanting “KILL THE BEAST! KILL THE BEAST!” Lumiere, Cogsworth and the others fought valiantly to defend the castle, but the Beast did nothing. He was too heartbroken to care. Gaston found him in his lair. He took careful aim and shot an arrow into the Beast’s shoulder. The Beast howled in agony as Gaston kicked him on to the balcony and hit him with a heavy club.

“What’s the matter?” sneered Gaston. “Too kind and gentle to fight back?” Standing over the stricken Beast, he raised the club again.

At that moment there was a heartrending cry
“NO!” It was Belle, racing up to the castle with
Maurice and Philippe. As soon as the Beast saw
her, the will to live surged through him. He
knocked the club away, and roared with fury
as he grabbed Gaston by the throat and
lifted him up.



“Don’t hurt me,” begged Gaston. “Please, I’ll do
anything.” The Beast roared with anger and prepared to
break Gaston’s neck, but found he couldn’t do it. With a
growl of frustration he dropped Gaston to the floor. But as
the Beast turned towards Belle, Gaston took a knife from
his boot and stabbed him in the back. The mortally
wounded Beast reared up, howling in anguish. Gaston
stepped back in terror, tripped and fell from the roof to
his death.

Belle ran to hold the Beast in her arms. "At least I saw you one last time," the Beast said softly. Belle bent down to kiss him. "I love you," she sobbed.

At that moment the last petal fell from the enchanted rose. Everything started to shimmer and sparkle, and the air was filled with magic.



The Beast opened his eyes and saw his paws transform into human hands. He touched his face – it was smooth! The spell was broken and the Beast had turned back into a handsome prince. He held out his hand to Belle, who could not believe her eyes. "Belle, it's me," the Prince said gently. She ran into his arms and they kissed.



Sparkling music swirled all around the castle. Cogsworth the mantelclock changed back into a butler. Lumiere the candelabra was transformed into a head waiter. And Mrs Potts became a plump, kind-hearted cook again.

The Prince and Belle were ushered into the ballroom. Everyone rejoiced as the young couple danced together, full of happiness for ever.

In a dark and gloomy castle in a faraway land, lives an ugly Beast. He longs to become the handsome young prince he once was. But the spell can only be broken if someone can love him before his twenty-first year.

When the Beast meets the beautiful Belle, he thinks his problems might be over. But how can Belle learn to love a Beast?



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